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Inner Conversations

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"There are no more heroes left in the world,"

> At least that's what they always told him, Particularly the Devil at the 24th St bar. He wasn't sure about that, this one who Usually walked alone, this Thief of Dreams, Such was the normal "name" he was known By, thanks tothose within the sacred hoop.

"There are no more Gods left within Heaven,"

> How could this be then, if the human heart, Could hold so much love, so much emotion that It would make the very meething point beyond, Heaven and Earth shake with a furious count Of creation and destruction, of the very fiber Of love and hate, be there nothing beyond now?

"I wonder if those of the All Seeing eyes know."

> Know what? The fact that this mortal life is frot With the ultimate balance of foolish redemtion And creative elegance, that they know what is Within my own desire, the need to keep her close, To complete my selfesh need to feel her skin Next to mine, to hear her breath within my mind?

"How little we understand of the human condition."

It was always something of a mantra he lived by, (What else couldbe avalue when it's all he knew!) In this pitiful life, in this reckless day to day race to Oblivion, to turn down the glories of understanding In order to become something less then human, A monster, a shell that refuses to see life as it is.

"Rhiannon, I ask you, is this life worth the price?"

He chuckled at the silly question, of course it was. Wasn't it? Heroes were so few and far between, The Devine guidance, once sought by the faithful, Now was nothing more then the fallen bits of the Shattered dreamthatthose within the woven life Fabric shared in the space of a few minor generations.

"The price that we pay, what's the bargain in it?"

Again, there was almost a surreal smile, the answer Was easyenoughfor this Thief of Dreams, the Battles we fought, the victories we rejoiced in, The loses suffered through, the ones we stood By and stood with (especially her in his case) Made this life, in particular, one worth living.

"But why are the battles so hard? Why so many?"

Why so few? was the only retort he had now.

Beyond that, he cared little.

My thanks,
Maldochi - Terrance Schaefer

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